

p2024

secret gentility cabinet

byunspeakable

oligarchy

Polit diff to sustain such a long  
fucking. Fuckee gets exhausted & fucker  
bored.

extended monologue

rem forget keys

FDR rescued his class and they despised  
him

I don't deny parallels to Hitler & Muss

I don't give a fuck about what rich people do. I don't want to take away their houses, or move the poor into them. I just want them to shut up. And stop bribing politicians. They won't be rich long, so most of them will move overseas, like most of their money has for generations. They're just following it. Good riddance to the whole retarded and incestuous and murderous gene pool. So I'll sign no order for rich assholes to vacate their

domiciles. This is a revolution, not a burlesque of Dr Zhivago.

Item two, so the junior military officers proclaim I'm betraying the revolution? Well, we have to get things running. They don't want chaos in their ranks, and I want to lessen it in the country. The only thing they were clear about was getting rid of the Fascist Republicans. Now they're bitching that the pussy Democrats are trying to meech into the vacuum. The Democrats, or what's left of them after the repeated Republican coups, are a vacuum themselves.

They've sucked so much ass, they can still hear the stereophonic echoes.

Okay, I'll meet with the officers.

They're our muscle and we wouldn't be here without them. But, unfortunately, we'll have to start seeking other muscle. Well, we have already.

The senior officers are coming our way. They just want stability. left or right.

Well we're providing that in spades. They understand there's no time for nice negotiation.

Let them exhibit their beloved

trappings of power. Parades  
Ceremonies! For me, nothing. Stalin  
slept on a daybed in the Kremlin.  
My studio apartment in the White House  
more than suffices. I can't be bribed  
with a one bedroom.

I've been tardy in getting a nice,  
august white haired figure to preside  
at ceremonies in my stead. List on my  
desk before the end of the day. Title?  
The People's Representative. Mine own?  
Let's go with temporary president of  
the  
true people's republic.  
That's got more truth than most of what

we say! Better take temporary out of there. Even the shitters in their pants might want to wait for the next leader to truly exhibit their underpants with their Chinese writing.

I know that's been said: The Revolution eats its young. That doesn't have to come to pass, but it will. With show tribunals and fine final speeches packed with all those lying words we've come to love. I want the mechanisms for those trials on my desk in a week. Shouldn't be a hard job to research. It's in the history books under land of the free and home of the brave.

My speeches lack such exalted sentiments, I know. I want to scare, not inspire. That'll be up to my successor. Right now the barnyard is still too deep in shit, so the immediate task is clear.

And our favorite radio host pronounces with manufactured resonance : Day 37 of the death of the constitutional republic! And they're about to hold hands in front of the White House? I'll take no more of that nuisance. He's to be dead by morning. I hope you catch my drift there. Then his

followers

will maketh great noise, and fold--as  
do all cowards.

The Constitution, hey? Does that refer  
to the one they wiped their ass with?

Let them have their demonstration as a  
memorial. I'll need a laugh by then.

a brilliant construction, and often  
just as brilliant, those who subverted  
it. We've suspended it, so there can't  
be debate

about the small points now, can there?

Tyranny! the Wall Street Journal



screams--if you haven't had your fill of irony today. How much of American genius consists of stating the obvious? Of course it's tyranny. That was the route open to us after two hundred years of corruption. As to the system working,

if you're patient.. the system is designed to smother by its very weight.

That black people could ultimately get their heads above water is a divine miracle. Not to minimize how they fought... and fought and...

After I'm gone, we'll get back to it, constitutional law. As soon as we

have a plan for country that remotely  
lives up to its ideals. Not a  
murdering Plutocracy. At any rate, The  
Plutocrats are treasonous. If they  
stay, I want them shot. No, I'm not  
kidding. Like the Lord High  
Executioner in Gilbert and Sullivan, I  
got them on the list.

The corporations? Let them do their  
thing. Oh there are schemes  
for expropriation out there. What for?  
I don't want socialists  
flailing around to try to prove they  
can make a car. I want the  
car. And I hope you notice that the

stock market has risen after the  
bloodiest period in American History!  
I really have no quarrel with those who  
work, rich or poor. Just continue.

I want, of course, a worker's bill of  
rights. And a doubled, at least,  
minimum wage. I'd like it renamed The  
Wage of Decency,  
as it's called in much of Europe. And  
universal health care, the continued  
lack of which is our disgrace in the  
eyes of the world. All this by  
executive order, naturally. The  
legislature exists to provide details.  
Those bills, at least in outline, are

to be on my desk tomorrow morning.

Oh, the rich might get on in this new tyranny, but not by extracting blood from the poor and middle class. I'm for entrepreneurs, just not pirates.

I understand the foreign media proclaims we didn't need a bloody revolution. Well, perhaps they can provide examples of people deeply dug into power giving it up as an act of charity.

Well, South

Africa comes close. But there were true

religions ingrained there,  
not just shows.

State secede Obligate to hold union  
together. Those who represent us in  
state capitals can spill some  
additional blood,  
if need be. Hey, I like the feistiness  
of state legislators,  
and with no one left to bribe them, I  
find it amazing.

Hell yeah we want a union. Any  
secessionists, left or right, are  
to be wiped out before they can get a  
toehold.

And we've overturned two hundred years of blah blah blah? Well, that's what you do: overturn.

More hard head than visionary. Chief risk is my successors might want to bring me to trial. My subversion of such a scheme is re tiring early. The person I hand off to is at greater risk.

Nobody'll like my pension. Lump sum. enough to live as a solid bourgeois, with armed security.

They'll say I stole it. But it will be

a realistic sum,  
no more, no less.

But enough about me. I accept the blood  
on my hands. You're at risk for helping  
me and must take your chances, sorry.

If you steal to provide a travel slush  
fund, you'll be shot. No, you can't  
resign. I'm not ruling by upheaval  
anymore. Sorry. Stuck with me until I  
leave. Then with the new one. At his or  
her mercy. Oh, you could be in lousier  
shoes then than you are now. The title  
revolutionary is your sole treasure.

History might honor you, your  
contemporaries cut you to ribbons.

Literally. This administration is not given to metaphor. Unlike the lying-lofty Republicans and the democrats for the common man if his aims happen to consider with those of corporations.